

CHILD LIFE

September 1954

35¢



In This
Issue:

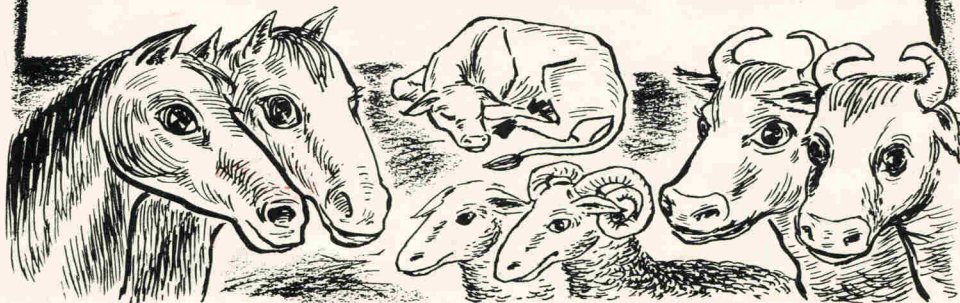
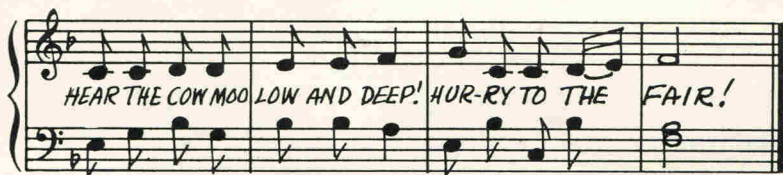
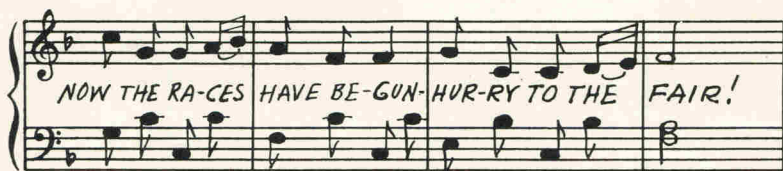
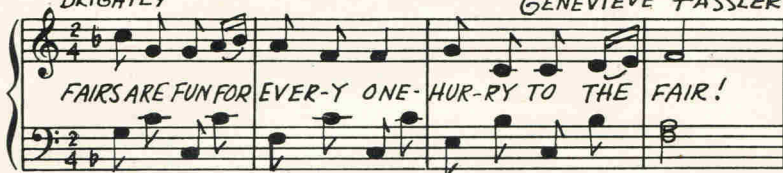
Mrs. Popover Goes To The Fa

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MRS VERNON S CLARK
COURT ST
GROUNWELL CONN

COUNTY FAIR SONG

BRIGHTLY

GENEVIEVE FASSLER





what are daddies for, anyway?

A daddy is for fun on Sunday mornings and trips to the zoo and a comforting shoulder when the tears come. But (even more important) a daddy is for tomorrow's happiness, too. Thousands of parents have invested in their children's future happiness and success with **THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE**... the famous reference work that is as different from all others as your child is from your neighbor's.

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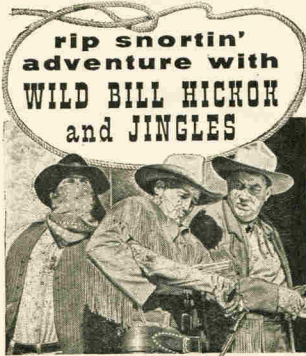
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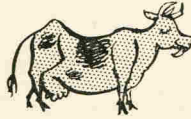
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CHILD LIFE

136 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON 10, MASSACHUSETTS



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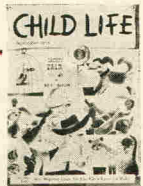
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ABOUT OUR COVER

Have you got a pet at the County Fair?
All your friends are bound to be there—
Kittens and goldfish and a downy duck.
Enter your pet, and try your luck!



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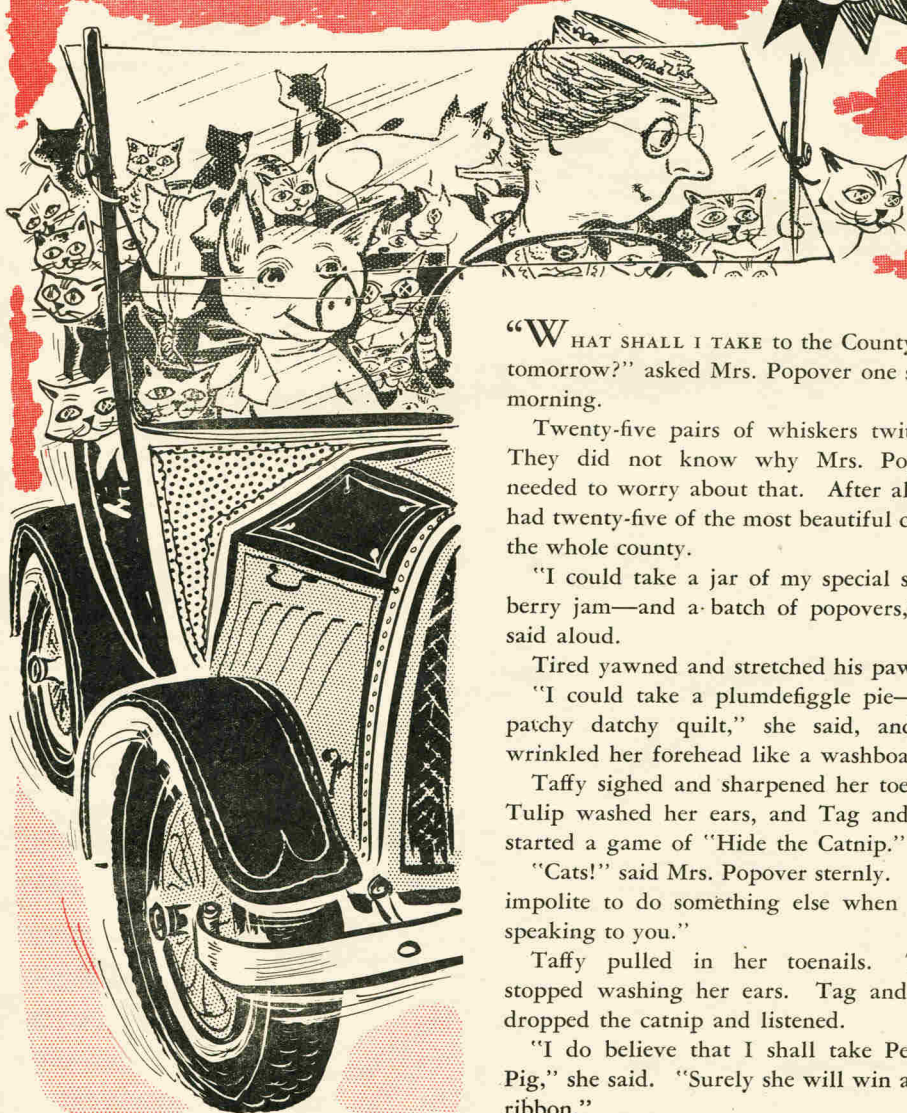
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MRS. POPOVER

goes to the County Fair



"WHAT SHALL I TAKE to the County Fair tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Popover one sunny morning.

Twenty-five pairs of whiskers twitched. They did not know why Mrs. Popover needed to worry about that. After all, she had twenty-five of the most beautiful cats in the whole county.

"I could take a jar of my special strawberry jam—and a batch of popovers," she said aloud.

Tired yawned and stretched his paws.

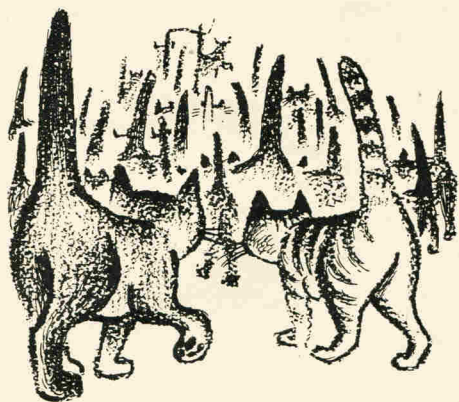
"I could take a plumdefiggle pie—or a patchy datchy quilt," she said, and she wrinkled her forehead like a washboard.

Taffy sighed and sharpened her toenails. Tulip washed her ears, and Tag and Tug started a game of "Hide the Catnip."

"Cats!" said Mrs. Popover sternly. "It is impolite to do something else when I am speaking to you."

Taffy pulled in her toenails. Tulip stopped washing her ears. Tag and Tug dropped the catnip and listened.

"I do believe that I shall take Petunia Pig," she said. "Surely she will win a blue ribbon."



Twenty-five cats put their tails up in the air and marched out in a straight line.

The little old lady sighed. "They are angry because I am taking Petunia," she said. "But who ever heard of blue ribbon cats at a county fair? I've got to pin my hopes on Petunia."

Fair Day arrived as cool and bright as a new dime. Mrs. Popover put the twenty-five cats and Petunia Pig into her rickety old car. Off they went to the Fair.

Oh, but the Fair was so much fun! There was a big brown bear who could rollerskate. There was a little black and white dog who could dance. There was a parakeet who sang nursery rhymes. And there were mountains of pink popcorn and cotton candy.

But Mrs. Popover hurried right past. "Today the most important thing is Petunia Pig," she said.

Twenty-five noses twitched sadly.

But Mrs. Popover did not notice. She put Petunia into a stall, and rubbed her with oil until her pink skin shone like a rosebud.

"Yes, indeedy! Anyone can see you are a prize pig!" said the little old lady.

Then Mrs. Popover toddled off to see the Fair. She decided to look at the prize fancy work first.

The judge was a thin lady, who squinted because she had forgotten to bring her spec-

tacles. She squinted at this and she squinted at that. Then she picked up a yellow angora stole and put it around her neck.

"Eee-ooowww!" The lady judge screamed. She jumped up on the table. It was not a yellow stole at all. It was Taffy who had been taking a nap on the fancy work table.

Everyone laughed and laughed—that is, everyone but Mrs. Popover. She tapped her foot and frowned at Taffy who scooted away



among the feet and disappeared. Mrs. Popover apologized to the lady judge and hurried away.

"Perhaps it is time for the program now," she thought. "At least my cats cannot get into trouble there."

First the big brown bear came out on the stage pushing a baby buggy. Everyone said, "How cute!"

Suddenly the blanket in the buggy moved. Out popped Tears! Someone had put a dress on him, and the bear's roller skates. Tears tried to walk, but the dress became tangled in the roller skates. What a sight!

"Oh, my poor pussycat!" cried Mrs. Popover. Tears was always getting into trouble.



But the big brown bear picked up Tears in his arms and rocked him gently, as if he were a baby. Then he pushed him off the stage in the buggy.

Everyone clapped and clapped. Mrs. Popover sighed with relief.

Next came a quartet of high school girls. The four girls cleared their throats. One girl gave them the tone on a little pitch pipe. Then they opened their mouths to sing.

"Screech!" Everyone looked around in amazement.

Mrs. Popover was afraid to look. She *knew* who was making the noise. Up in a tree above her head sat four pussycats. They were singing a little cat song happily.

Everyone covered his ears with his hands. The little old lady called her cats. They stopped singing and scampered down the tree.

After the singing, the announcer stepped on the stage. "We have a lot of prize winners here today," he said. "Petunia Pig, owner — Mrs. Popover, wins a blue ribbon. We even have the winner of the CHILD LIFE Cat Contest. Mary Brei from Attica, New York is the prize cat-namer. Timmy, whose name has been changed to Timanda and the

four kittens, Tinky, Tacky, Timpy, and Tucker, are very happy with their new names."

Mrs. Popover smiled as the announcer went on with his list of prize winners. She patted Toodles behind the ears. "You poor dear pussycats," she said, "I have been so busy hoping that Petunia Pig would win a blue ribbon that I have forgotten that I have twenty-five prize cats, too."

"You did not win a blue ribbon today, Cats," she said, "but I know that you are the *best* cats in the whole county."

"And now," said Mrs. Popover, as she herded her twenty-five cats and Petunia Pig (proudly wearing her blue ribbon) into the rickety old car, "there is something important I must do. I have to hurry home and write my CHILD LIFE friends a letter."

And here is what she wrote:



Dear Child Life Friends,

Dearie me! What a lot of wonderful letters I have received from all of you! It was such fun reading them to my cats. The cats love letters. They all sit in a row, with their twenty-five pairs of ears straight up, and they listen to every word.

The cats were very sad because we could not send each one of you boys and girls a real live kitty. But I told them that perhaps you will all find nice kitties to love someday. My cats and I love to hear from you anytime. And, now that the contest is over, we will have more time to answer letters.

Lots of love,

*Mrs. Popover
and her cats*

P.S. We have moved to a new address. It is c/o Mrs. Pearl Roam, 3121 S.E. 63rd Avenue, Portland 6, Oregon.

Written by Pearl Roam



DUFFY

Young Duffy McDuffy sat down on the curb. The tag on his lunch-box said, "Do not disturb Until twelve o'clock," but Duff wanted to know What sort of a lunch he was having, and so He peeked, and the apple he saw was so bright It practically begged him to take a big bite! He did, and he bit it some more and some more Till nothing was left but a very small core!

Then right underneath where the apple had been He saw several sandwiches, made very thin.

"If I eat some now," Duffy thought, "I can play Much longer at noon on the playground today." But Duff couldn't stop when he'd eaten a few. They tasted so good, and the first thing he knew He'd eaten them all, and his lunch was all gone, Except for a cookie with chocolate on. "I'll save that for lunch," Duffy thought as he ran To get to his classroom before school began.

For most of the morning young Duffy felt ill, From stuffing himself, and then running uphill. His head was so dizzy, his clothes were so tight His adding was poor and he just couldn't write! By lunch-time however, he'd had a good rest, And Duffy McDuffy was feeling his best. He played on the playground as hard as he could And soon became hungry, as any boy would. When one o'clock came, he was hungry indeed! He just couldn't spell and he just couldn't read! He sat at his desk, and he dreamed about cakes And all afternoon made mistakes and mistakes.



McDUFFY

At three, Duffy's teacher, Miss Molly McQuirk, Dismissed all the children who'd finished their work. Of course Duffy hadn't, so he had to stay. "Well, Duffy McDuffy, what have you to say?" Asked Molly McQuirk. With the sorriest look Duff stammered his story. "Mom's too good a cook," He said as he finished. Then to his surprise He saw there were tears in the teacher's blue eyes. "Oh Duffy!" sighed Molly. She suddenly smiled. "I do understand, for when I was a child I carried my lunch, and I stopped as a rule To take a good peak before going to school, And sample a sandwich, or fresh peanut crunch. My mother," she sighed, "packed a powerful lunch! I eat in the school cafeteria now. I never could cook like my mother, somehow. Now run along home and get something to eat!" "Oh thank you!" cried Duffy, and jumped from his seat.

"What wonderful meat-loaf! What wonderful bread!" Said Duff to his mother when he had been fed. "They're almost as good," he went on with a wink, "As Mrs. McQuirk used to make, I should think." Next morning, when Duffy McDuffy went back, He carried his lunch-box, and also a sack. "Well, Duffy," said Molly, "it's easy to see You won't starve today!" "Oh the sack's not for me. It's for you!" Duffy laughed as he set the sack down. "From Mrs. McDuffy, the best cook in town!"

Alice J. Pedigo



FROU-FROU'S FLIGHT

"NO, NO, FROU FROU. Let Maman's washing alone!"

Pierre was too late. The lively lamb had run over the clothing spread on the grass to dry.

Times were hard in France this September of 1783. Maman had to help Papa by taking in washing. She was often tired and cross.

"Here comes Maman, now." Pierre knelt beside his pet, arms about the curly neck.

Maman saw the dirty clothes and gasped, "I've had enough of these tricks. The lamb must be sold."

Pierre's arms tightened around Frou Frou. "Please, Maman, give him another chance."

Maman shook her head as she went into the house. "We need the money," she said.

"Don't worry, Frou Frou," Pierre whispered as he led the lamb to the road. "I will find a way to save you."

They had not gone far when they came to a crowd standing near a fine carriage. A well dressed gentleman was speaking.

"I am Monsieur Joseph Montgolfier. You may have heard of my flying balloons." A few men nodded. The stranger continued, "Tomorrow at the palace, my brother and I will send up a balloon with a basket tied to it. We'd like to borrow some animals as

the first sky passengers to go up in the air."

Pierre looked lovingly at his pet. "You may have my lamb, Monsieur," his voice rang out. Now Maman could not sell Frou Frou right away.

Farmer St. Jean promised a duck and a rooster asking, "What if something happens to your balloon?"

"We shall repay you for your loss," Monsieur Montgolfier answered.

Pierre's heart sank—Frou Frou in danger. But he could not break his promise. Frou Frou must fly.

The farmer said to Pierre, "Run quickly to ask your mother if you may go. It will take many hours to reach the palace with my slow team and heavy wagon."

At home the boy looked carefully inside. He was not going to ask his mother to let him go. She would surely say, "No." The kitchen was empty. He went in on tiptoe. Into his pocket went a bit of bread and cheese to eat on the way. Over his arm went a warm jacket for the night.

When he returned he heard Monsieur Montgolfier say, "Give this note to the palace guard. You will be given places near the stand." The excited farmer did not even ask what Maman had said.



Pierre climbed into the back of the cart with the animals. His spirits lifted as the villagers cheered them off. Perhaps all would be well. As he dropped off to sleep cuddled close to Frou Frou, he murmured, "Poor Maman and Papa. I hope they are not too worried about me."

As it got light, Pierre saw many travellers crowding the road. They waved to him and he waved back. It was like a feast day. Soon his eyes grew round; his breath came fast. There was the palace with a million shining windows. The splendid guard at the gate put the animals into a box, then led the boy and man to a spot near the royal stand.

Suddenly trumpets blew. A voice called out, "His Majesty King Louis the Sixteenth and Her Royal Highness Marie Antoinette."

Pierre would never forget this wonderful moment.

Then he heard the king ask Joseph Montgolfier, "What is that platform? Are we to see men fly in the clouds today?"

"This time only animals will go up, Your Majesty. If they live, we shall let men try to fly," was the answer.

Pierre blinked back tears as he saw the

duck, the rooster, and his lamb being taken out of the box. When he heard the sad bleat his pet gave as he was tied inside the basket, Pierre shouted, "Do not fear, mon petit. That is to keep you from falling out." He did not really feel brave. The sight of the balloon floating up, up, meant nothing to him. He hardly breathed till far off he saw the dot go down.

Farmer St. Jean and Pierre joined the dash to the distant woods. They finally spotted the balloon dangling from a low tree branch. It was safe, but were the passengers living? As Joseph Montgolfier lifted out the animals, unharmed, a great cheer arose. The flight had been a success. Soon men would be flying. To Pierre only one thing mattered—the lamb now licking his face in greeting. Just then he spied his parents hurrying toward him.

"How did you find me?" he asked in amazement. His mother gave him a shake, then a forgiving hug.

"At nightfall we noticed you and Frou Frou had gone," she said. "The neighbors knew where you were. We followed as fast as we could."

Before Maman could scold, everyone pushed forward to pat Frou Frou. As Pierre saw some of them cut off pieces of wool, he suddenly knew how to save the little fellow.

"Maman," he called, "we do not have to sell the lamb to make money on him. I shall set up a shed at home for Frou Frou. People will gladly pay to see so famous a creature. I can sell bits of his wool in memory of today's flight."

A roar of laughter greeted these words. One man said, "There you have the support of your old age, Madame. He will be a moneymaker, that one."

Pierre watched as his parents looked at one another. When Maman turned and smiled at him, he had his answer. Frou Frou would never, never, be sold.

Marie-Jeanne Dubamel





The Weathercock

When the sun comes up on a blue, blue day,
The weathercock rattles and sings.
He crows from the steeple where he clings.
When no one is looking he flaps his wings,
And his feathers are gold and gay.
When a storm comes up and the sky is black,
The weathercock doesn't care.
He'll whirl and dance in the windy air.
He'll leap at the lightning, and even dare
To answer the thunder back!
When the moon comes up and the town is still,

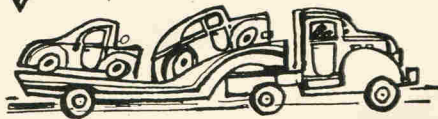
The weathercock hums a tune—
A little, turning, creaking croon,
A sleepy song to the big round moon—
Till day comes over the hill.

Silence Buck Bellows

The Auto

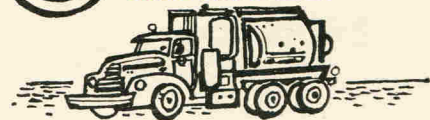
A

is for AUTO TRAILER
Which as you see,
Holds a new car for you,
And another for me.



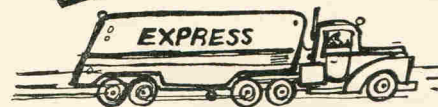
C

is for CEMENT MIXER . . .
Hear how it grinds,
Mixing the sand and
Rocks that it finds.



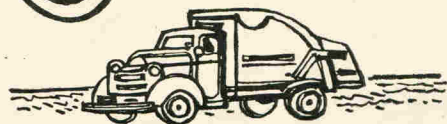
E

is for EXPRESS CAR
With buggies and bikes,
And scooters and things
That everyone likes.



G

is for GARBAGE TRUCK
With sides of warm brown,
It hauls away rubbish
From all over town.



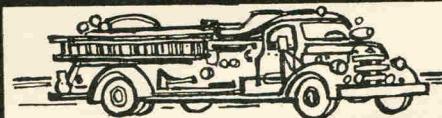
B

is for BULL DOZER.
It digs a great pit
Where buildings like schools
And skyscrapers fit.



D

is for DUMP TRUCK
With a load full of coal.
Tip up its back and
Watch the lumps roll.



F

is for FIRE ENGINE
With hoses that spout . . .
The firemen all hurry
To put the fire out.



H

is for HORSE TRAILER
To hitch to your car,
When you're off to perform
As a rodeo star.

Alphabet

I

is for ICE TRUCK
With huge hunks of ice,
To keep your food cold,
And make lemonade nice.



K

is the KNIFE GRINDER'S TRUCK
With its bell.
It sharpens your knives
And scissors as well.



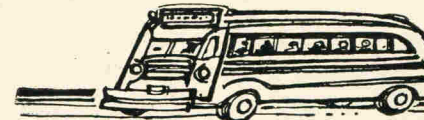
M

is for MILK TRUCK
that drives through the city
With milk for your breakfast
And cream for the kitty.



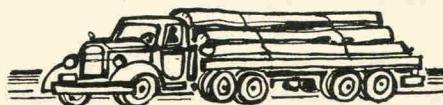
O

is for OMNIBUS
So people can ride
When they want to go shopping.
It's cozy inside.



J

is for JEEP,
a small car that squeaks,
And scrambles up hills
And tall mountain peaks.



L

is the LOGGER
All loaded with trees
That once lived in forests.
You build homes with these.



N

is for NEWS TRUCK
With papers piled high
That tell stories of kings
And saucers that fly.

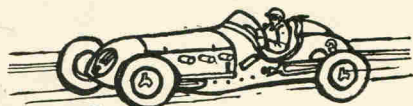
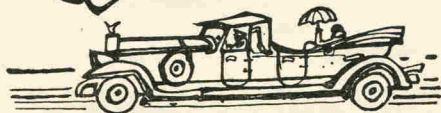


P

is for POLICE CAR
With sirens and light
To keep law and order
From morning through night.

Q

is QUEEN'S CARRIAGE,
A limousine grand,
That leads the parade
And also the band.

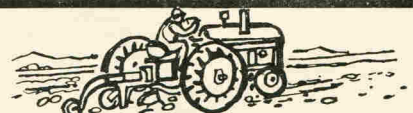
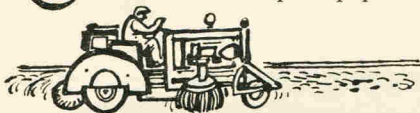


R

is for RACER.
Just watch it whizz by . . .
As it zooms round the track
It almost can fly.

S

is for STREET SWEEPER
With brush and with scraper.
It gathers brown leaves
And small scraps of paper.

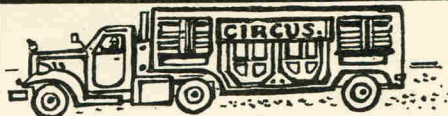
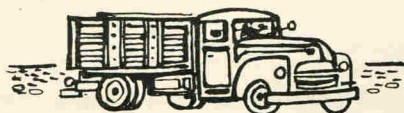


T

is for TRACTOR—
The farmer's good friend.
It plows up the ground
From beginning to end.

U

is UTILITY TRUCK,
That all-around worker.
For crates, sacks and cases
It's never a shirker.



V

is for VAN
For the circus in town . . .
It moves lions and monkeys,
And even the clown.

W

is for WATER WAGON.
It washes the street.
Jump out of its way
Or you'll get wet feet.

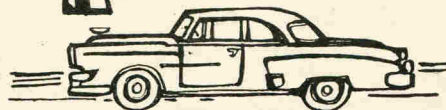


X

is for X-RAY TRUCK
With its picture machine
To take x-rays of people
So their bones can be seen.

Y

is for YOUR CAR
All shiny and new
With pedals and horn.
Your friends like it too.



Z

is the ZONE TRUCK
With white paints and signs
To mark up the streets
With white safety lines.

Anne Alexander



Duckling Days

A DAY AT SCHOOL

"Eat up your breakfast," said Mother Duck. "This is the day you're going to school with Tommy."

"Why does Tommy go to school?" quacked Danny.

"Children must learn reading, writing and arithmetic," said his mother.

"How long do children go to school?" asked Dora.

"Years and years, I hear," answered Daisy.

"Hurry up!" squealed Dinah. "Here comes Tommy."

"My stars!" said Danny as the school bus sped along. "This feels like flying. I like going to school!"

When the bus stopped, Tommy carried the ducklings in their box into his room.

All morning the ducklings helped Tommy's class-

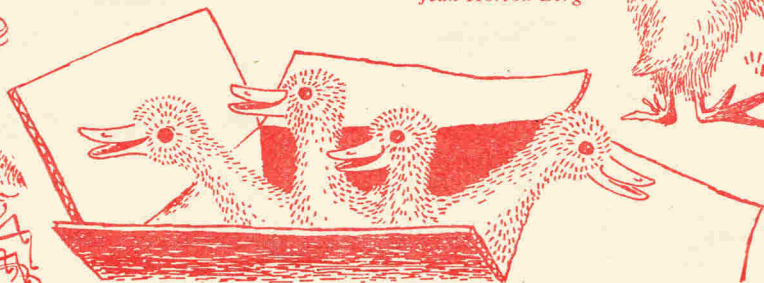
mates with their work. The children learned to write D-A-N-N-Y, D-O-R-A, D-A-I-S-Y, and D-I-N-A-H. And they learned that one duckling plus three equals four:

After lunch Tommy's teacher said, "Tommy, why don't you take your ducklings to visit the other grades?"

It would be hard to say whether the ducklings or the children had a better time that afternoon.

At bedtime that night when the ducklings were telling their mother about the day, Danny cocked his head and quacked "School is nice. No wonder children like it. But I still don't see why they go for so many years. My stars! We went through *four grades in just one day!*"

Jean Horton Berg



EXCITEMENT FINDS JOSH



FIRST HALF

"GOSH, GRAN, NOTHING exciting ever happens around here," sighed Josh, nibbling sadly at his breakfast toast.

"Why, Joshua Ebenezer Peabody," exclaimed Gran, "I thought you were enjoying your vacation!"

"Oh, I'm having a good time, all right. Swimming is fine. But this is the day that Captain Dan was going to take me over to Nantucket Island on his fishing boat. That's what I mean by *exciting*. And then it had to go and rain!"

He gazed out the rain-splashed window. The waters of Oyster Cove were grey and dotted with white-caps. Captain Dan certainly wouldn't be going anywhere today.

"Cheer up, Josh," smiled Gran. "I'm sure you'll get your boat trip before you go home. And maybe we can think of something exciting for you to do indoors today."

She thought for a moment.

"Why don't you go up in the attic and poke around a bit? Your great-grandfather's old sea chest is up there. You might enjoy looking through his things. In fact, you might even stir up some *excitement*." She smiled. "Joshua Ebenezer Peabody the First always hinted there was something *special* about that sea chest. Maybe a small boy's eyes will see something I overlooked."

Right after breakfast Joshua climbed the ship's ladder that led to the trap door. He pulled himself up into the dark cobwebby attic and switched on the electric lamp Gran had given him. Yes, there it was, over

against the far wall, just as Gran had said. Josh felt a tingle of excitement.

Whenever Joshua Ebenezer Peabody the Fourth wished he had a name like John Robert Smith, he comforted himself by thinking of his great-grandfather, who had crossed the China seas in his own sailing ship. Josh never tired of hearing stories about Joshua Ebenezer Peabody the First. And now here was something that had actually belonged to him!

Josh pushed back the trunk's heavy lid and started rummaging. He tried on the strange clothing that smelled of camphor, and pretended he was J.E.P. the First, sailing the China seas.

He unwrapped several little packages of crumbling brown tissue paper, and looked at the curious carved figures, the ivory chopsticks, the tiny perfume jars.

Josh dreamed for a moment and wondered whether he'd ever see the magic far-off places they came from. He'd love to go to China!

"Well, this is all very interesting," he thought, "but certainly not *exciting*!"



He turned back to the chest and poked around some more. Deep in one corner he felt something big and hard.



When he brought it to the light, Josh saw that it was wrapped in the same brown crumbly tissue as the other things. He unwrapped the paper carefully.

What a disappointment! It was just another jar—twice as big as the others, but not as pretty as the tiny porcelain ones. This one was made of ordinary grey-green glass.

Josh's face brightened as he looked more closely at the jar. It had a snug-fitting cover with a hole in the center, which made it perfect for keeping minnows. The jar didn't look valuable, and Josh decided to ask Gran if he might keep it. He unscrewed the lid to peer inside.

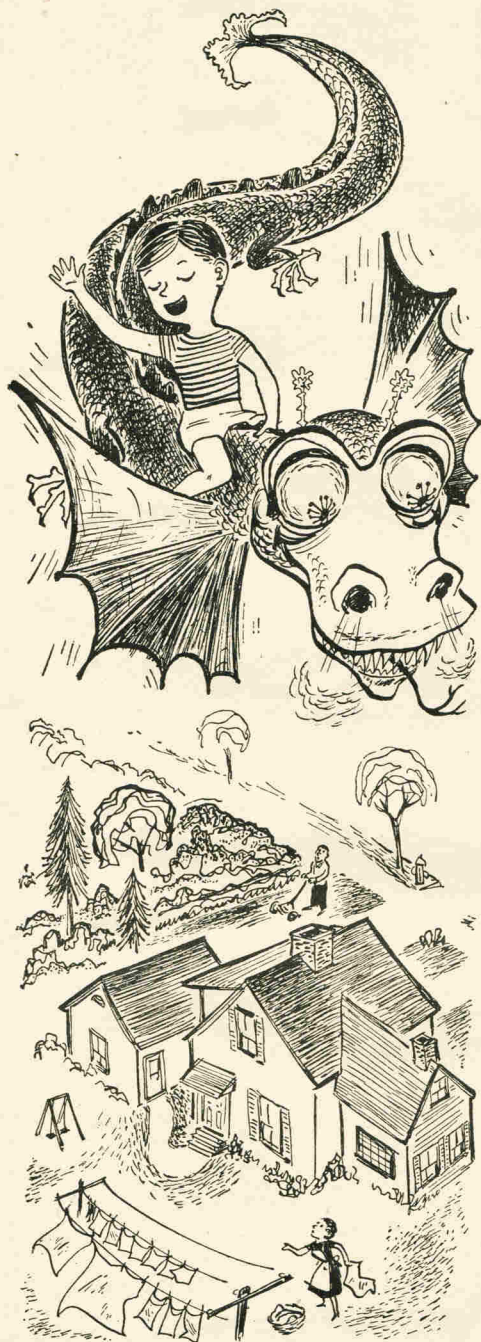
POOOOOOOOF!

A stream of smoke shot out into Josh's face, and the jar crashed to the floor. It rolled into a corner without breaking, and Josh stared in amazement as clouds of grey-green smoke poured from the jar. The funnel of smoke squirmed and twisted as if it were alive . . . and suddenly it was!

Right in front of Joshua Ebenezer Peabody stood the strangest and most magnificent beast that he had ever seen!

"Wh-what . . . who are you?" gasped Josh.

"My name is George Sing-a-Ling Foo," replied the dragon—for that's what the beast was.



"George Sing-a-Ling Foo!" exclaimed Josh. "What kind of a name is that?"

"I'll have you know I come from one of the oldest and finest dragon families in China," replied the dragon proudly. "I'll admit the 'George' sounds a little peculiar. My mother named me after some fellow named St. George who made dragons famous. You can call me Foo. What's your name?"

"Joshua Ebenezer Peabody the Fourth."

The dragon giggled. "You should talk about names!"

"I guess you're right," laughed Josh. "Gee, you sure are a wonderful dragon!"

Foo's diamond eyes shone with pride. He flexed his emerald scales. Little puffs of smoke and a few pink sparks drifted from between his teeth.

"Oh," breathed Josh. "I wish my mother and dad could see you!"

Suddenly, as if by magic, Josh felt himself lifted onto Foo's back. They oozed out of the attic window, and in two shakes of a dragon's tail they were flying over Josh's house, miles from Cape Cod.

Mr. Peabody was in the front yard mowing the lawn. Mrs. Peabody was in the back yard hanging up the wash. Josh waved gaily to his parents, and they both stopped what they were doing to stare in amazement.

Then Foo turned around and in a twinkling they were back in Gran's attic.

Josh caught his breath. "Say, that was wonderful! If I'd known we could do *that*, I'd of wished us in China. I wish I could see some of the places my great-grandfather used to visit in his sailing ship!"

No sooner had Josh spoken these words than he found himself being lifted onto Foo's back again! He held on for dear life as they swished out the window again, and zoomed up, up, up into the blue sky.

"Well, I was looking for excitement," thought Josh, "and I've really found it!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Liz Crosby

DID YOU KNOW...



That a bee has five eyes—and up to five thousand nostrils?



That a butterfly tastes with its feet; a dog with its stomach?



That a chow is the only breed of dog with a black colored tongue—and that to a dog all colors seem either black or white?



That the albatross can fly all day long without flapping its wings?



That the chimney swift can fly straight up and down?



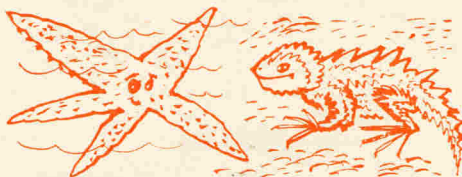
Did you know that the humming bird can fly just as well backwards as it can forward?



That the bat spends nearly eighty percent of its life sleeping?



That ticks smell with their front feet?



That a starfish is not a fish, but an animal; a horned toad not a toad, but a lizard?



That an elephant's trunk contains over four thousand muscles, which is a far greater number than can be found in the entire human body?



That whales had four legs once upon a time, and lived on land?

Joseph C. Stacey

Aunt Dorothy's Mailbox

136 Federal Street
Boston 10, Massachusetts

Dear Nephews and Nieces,

It was fun to get all the post-cards you sent from so many interesting places. Rags and I shared them all.

This month we're starting something new, called The Child Life Fun Club. If you will send ten cents AND A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE, to Child Life Fun Club, 136 Federal Street, Boston 10, Massachusetts, a felt emblem will be sent to you. All the club members will surely want one. Organize your own club and each month we'll have a special project which your club can do. You will be able to plan other ideas, and Rags and I will be waiting for your letters telling us, and other Fun Club members all over the country, about your club.

Love,

Aunt Dorothy



SIZE AND COLOR OF EMBLEM



2050 Wilbraham Road
Springfield, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am nine. I have a dog named Poonkie. I have five guppies and two goldfish. The guppies' names are Dorothy, Rainbow, Shiny, Flash and Bebe. One day my father and I were cleaning the fish bowl when suddenly Flash jumped out and went down the drain. My father looked in part of the drain called the trap, and there was Flash! Flash is still living. My goldfish are Swifty and Slowpoke. Please put more Rainy Day Fun in CHILD LIFE.
Elizabeth Yesikenas

362 Cedar Avenue
Sharon, Pennsylvania

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am seven and I like insects and animals. We have moved to another city where I don't have many friends. I would like to have some pen pals.

Alfred White

520 East Como
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

My sister Pam is six years old. We had a hard time picking our favorite cover, but we did. She likes "Duckling Days," and my favorite story is "Nana and the Cap'n."

Sandra Garn

Shortsville, New York

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

Last night the lights went out, and if it hadn't been for my friend Sharon I would have been a half hour late for school. She noticed that our clocks were wrong, and we set them right.

I am eight years old and I like the letters children write to you best of all.

Peggy Zader

Hartford, Kansas

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am seven, and have a cat named Karo. I take my CHILD LIFE to school and my teacher reads the stories to us.

Wanda Lou French

1639 9th Avenue
Oakland, California

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

Please have some more pirate stories in CHILD LIFE. I like them best. I am nine.

I collect stamps and will swap them with anyone.

Albert Ferge

LETTERS FROM PARENTS

Troy, New York

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

I am sorry to see the "You Can Make Music" series come to an end. It was a useful feature, and the subject was far from exhausted.

Gilbert T. Symonds

Carver Park
Henderson, Nevada

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

After my first grader and I had enjoyed one issue of CHILD LIFE together, I knew that we needed it in our home permanently. It is a wonderful change after an overdose of the comic books to which our children are constantly exposed.

I think your February and April covers are the cleverest I have seen. Should your scrap bag ever run low, I would feel it an honor to replenish it with scraps of my own!

Mrs. Florence S. Anderson

Zanesville, Ohio

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

The 3-D Art Contest which CHILD LIFE has sponsored has unearthed creative talent in my children which I did not know existed. Coat hangers, soap, clay, buttons, paper plates and cups, silver foil, all have been put to use. How wise you are to put children's imaginations to use.

Mrs. Joel F. Farney

Platteville, Wisconsin

Dear Aunt Dorothy,

Congratulations on the picture story "The Living Desert." It was beautifully presented.

Mrs. Hubert Delane

Child Life, September, 1954

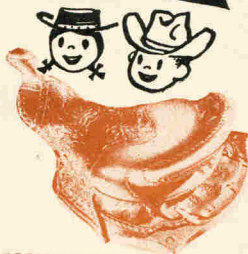
BUCKAROOS

WESTERNIZE YOUR BIKE AND TRIKE

BRONCO SADDLE

Watch the family buckaroos glow with pride when they saddle up their realistic Bronco Saddle, designed to fit snugly over any bicycle or tricycle seat. Made of tough but soft vinyl, this richly embossed saddle will give young cowhands years of fun. Packed in individual gift box.

\$2.98



PINTO HEAD

Young cowpokes will fall in love at first sight with this Pinto Pony Head. It is made of tough but soft vinyl, designed to fit any bike or trike. This handsome horse's head, designed by one of America's foremost sculptors, will make every buckaroo believe he is riding a real horse. Richly colored in brown, black, and pink nostrils. Packed in individual gift box.

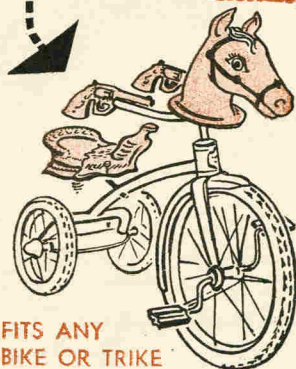
\$2.98



PISTOL GRIPS

These replicas of famous six shooters complete the cowboy's ensemble. They fit over the end of any standard handlebar, ready for action. Over 8" in length, they are big, realistic western guns that will provide many hours of safe fun. Packed in individual gift box.

\$1.49



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Add 25¢ for shipping and handling costs.
Sorry, No C.O.D. orders.

Guessing Games

E-Z RHYMES

Rhymes are easy, don't you think?
To write, you need a pen and ---.
If you can't swim, you'll surely ----.
A chain's as strong as its weakest ----.
If you're thirsty, have a ----.
Your mother's scarf is made of ----.
The place to skate is called a ----.
Close one eye, if you want to ----.
Boys like blue and girls like ----.
We hope this verse has made you ----.

Deborah Anderson
wink, pink, think.

Ans.: Ink, sink, link, mink, rink.

PAIR AT THE FAIR

Are you going to the County Fair?
Tell us which animals make a pair!
A pig and a cow,
A rooster and a sow,
A bull and a horse
Plus a hen, of course.
And no one would dare
To leave out a mare!



Martha Hartry
and hen, horse and mare.

Ans.: Pig and sow, bull and cow, rooster

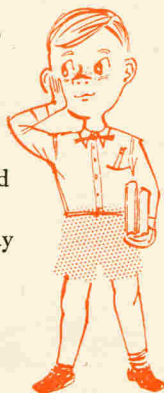
HERE'S A FRIEND

A thin fellow in a wooden coat
Has a heart inside as black as ink,
He never lifts his rubber hat,
Nor moves the brass scarf from his throat.
His "marks" in school would make one think
He has been "lead" to be like that!

Sylvia Pezoldt
Ans.: A lead pencil.

CLASSROOM QUIZ

Almost anytime at school,
If you should stop and look,
You could see me paging
Through a picture ----.
Making letters into words
Is something I do well.
Teacher says it helps me read
If I have learned to ----.
I like to model with soft clay
As well as I am able
With the other children
Standing round a ----.
Today I'm very busy,
I have no time to talk—
I'm drawing at the blackboard
With a piece of ----.



Kenneth D. Loss
Ans.: Book, spell, table, chalk.

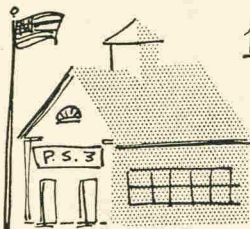
NAME THESE BIRDS

If a Nightingull's a cross between
A Nightingale and Seagull,
Can you guess what names are mixed
To make the name of Pheagle?
The Swallow, the Pelegrin,
The Wron and the Goozard,
If these bird names confuse you,
Try Pigelink and Thrullard.
The Rooskey you are sure to know—
Just take apart these names.
You'll pass with highest honors
If you're good at guessing games.

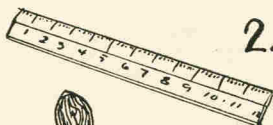


Mildred L. Ackerman
Rooster and Turkey.
Ans.: 1. Pheasant and Eagle; 2. Swallow and
and Bobolink; 7. Thrush and Mallard; 8.
and Heron; 5. Goose and Buzzard; 6. Pigeon
Sparrow; 3. Pelican and Penguin; 4. Wren

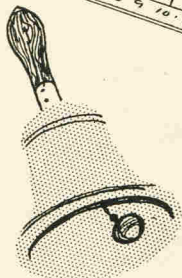
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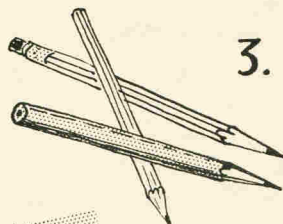


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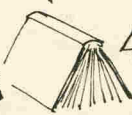


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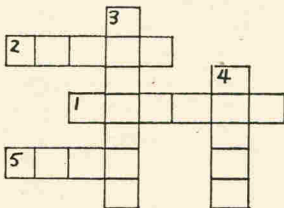
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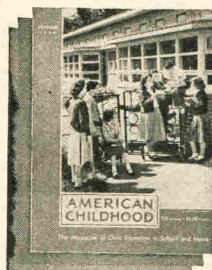
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☐ Send free sales kit.

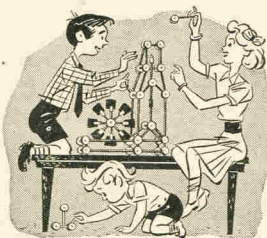
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Creative hours are happy hours...



Remember your TINKERTOY set? Remember those endless, golden hours of instructive play? Today's improved TINKERTOY with its variety of parts, its new color, and helpful direction sheet, opens further horizons for exciting, creative fun!



DE LUXE SET, shown—\$2.89. Four other sizes, from 69¢ to \$2.39. Also, all-new MASTER TINKERTOY—with real 2-speed motor, \$9.95.



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807 Greenwood St., Evanston, Ill.

PEN & PENCIL PRESS

3-D ART CONTEST WINNERS!

First Prizes: Ann Waterkotte, Traer, Ia.; Eddie Crist, Troy, Ohio.

Second Prizes: Kenneth Mahler, Weymouth, Mass.; Patricia Ramirez, Redwood City, Cal.; Susan Orbeton, South Portland, Me.; Barbara Ann Priebe, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Daneta Rosabeth Danielson, Bedford, Ind.; David R. Barstow, Wethersfield, Conn.; Ridale Blincoe, Heyburn, Id.; Barbara Lee Hauben, Bloomfield, N. J.; Jane Gesler, Worthington, Minn.; Marilyn Hughes, Paw Paw, Mich.; Michelle Gamm, Chicago, Ill.; Janette Greimann, Ventura, Ia.; Nancy Herter, Lincoln, N. C.; Richard Naruo, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Ann Christowski, Los Angeles, Cal.; David Shaffer, Guadalupe, Cal.; Barbara Steinhardt, Hackettstown, N. J.; Karen Koerner, Appleton, Wisc.; John A. Morales, Jr., Balboa, C. Z.; Jeanette I. Morales, Balboa, C. Z.; Gail Anne Cole, Cleveland, O.; Henry Kwolek, Turtle Creek, Pa.; Dianne Pinnow, Freeport, Ill.; Nelson Costello, Detroit, Mich.; Joy Murrow, Golden Acres, Tex.

Third Prizes: Greg Bistes, Jr., New Orleans, La.; Janet Wiltse, Monticello, Ind.; Lawrence Nichols, Bainbridge, Ga.; Amy Scriven, Menasha,

Wisc.; Patty Leiner, Owosso, Mich.; Nancy Williamson, Bryan, O.; Jo Ann Hooter, Kansas City, Kan.; Judy Wolfgang, Rome, N. Y.; Carolyn Parker, Canton, N. Y.; Ann Cecil Caballero, Miami Beach, Fla.; Karin Waterkotte, Traer, Ia.; Janice Lynn Gault, Monitor, Wash.; Karen Ann Sagus, Philadelphia, Pa.; Tommy Roane, Oakland, Fla.; Dean Crist, Troy, O.; Loa Ann Williamson, Bryan, O.; Richard Hudson, Astoria, Oreg.; William Hughes, Fort Wayne, Ind.; John Hughes, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Marion Crist, Troy, O.; Dennis Belt, Bettendorf, Ia.; Kimberly Ann Spencer, Indianapolis, Ind.; Jimmy Trumbo, Portland, Oreg.; Deborah Field, Weston, Mass.; Jessica Ann Kalberer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fourth Prizes: Sharon Kay Federspiel, Saginaw, Mich.; Ronnie Halfont, Santa Monica, Cal.; June Colin, Fort Perce, Fla.; Gretchen Gilbert, Claremont, Cal.; Ann Louisa Brackett, La Mesa, Cal.; Alan Krause, Northampton, Mass.; Carolyn Moser, Quakertown, Pa.; Ray Williams, Bowman, Ga.; Joan Kautzman, Murray Hill, N. J.; Marian Elizabeth Phillips, Charleston, W. Va.; James Cretella, Jr., New Haven, Conn.; Josephine Hieda, Lahaina, Maui, T. H.; Grace Kaylor, Big Prairie, O.; David Bristow, Richmond, Va.;

Donald Steffan, Portage Des Sioux, Mo.; Jean Bobczynski, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Milda Pilklis, Chicago, Ill.; Paul Thomas Eppley, Roseville, O.; K' Almond, Buckhannon, W. Va.; Charlene Holler, Marquette, Kan.; Cynthia Chaisty, East Taunton, Mass.; Cynthia Iwasa, Honolulu, T. H.; Mary Sanders Paisley, Arlington, Fla.; Jimmy Kanda, Lexington, Neb.; Tonni Friedman, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Lauren Grud, Los Angeles, Cal.; Barbara Kearney, Money, Miss.; Dianne Kearney, Money, Miss.; Albert Lee Drawing, Clatonia, Nebr.; Karen Prendergast, Phoenix, Ariz.; Conrad Lindes, Boulder, Colo.; Karen Ann Fraley, Derwood, Md.; Marguerite Bataille, Pasadena, Cal.; John Guaspari, Rome, N. Y.; Nancy Jean Eppley, Roseville, O.; Billy Erbes, Mendota, Ill.; Marietta Campana, Cleveland, O.; Pamela Moore, Frederic, Wisc.; Sharon Cohen, Kenosha, Wisc.; David Graham Balter, Los Angeles, Cal.; Judith Mae Gemblen, Merced, Cal.; Karen Sue Loveland, Fairfax, Mo.; Sally Weech, Rio, Ill.; Jackie Crist, Troy, O.; Carol Hinman, Chagrin Falls, O.; Robert Harris Ferch, Brandon, Wisc.; Ernest E. Dean, Levittown, N. Y.; Bertha Faye Norman, Springfield, Mo.; Mary Lee Kroupa, Cedar, Mich.; Roseann Rohwer, Payroll, Neb.

FOOD FUN

It's County Fair time again, so why not try a Ferris Wheel sandwich and surprise the family with Jiffy Jelly? Blue Ribbon Candy is another prize-winning treat that everyone will enjoy.

BLUE RIBBON CANDY



16 marshmallows
16 walnut halves
1 package
shredded coco-
nut

1. Put marshmallows in top of a double boiler.
2. Fit this top part into the water-filled bottom half of the double boiler.
3. Heat on the stove until marshmallows are melted.
4. With spoon, dip each walnut into melted marshmallow.
5. Then roll the coated walnuts in coconut.

When you share these candies with your friends, they will surely think that you deserve a blue ribbon!



JIFFY JELLY

1 bottle grape
juice
3 cups sugar
1/2 bottle fruit
pectin

1. Measure 2 cups of grape juice into large saucepan.
2. Bring to a boil over high heat, stirring constantly.
3. Then stir in half bottle of fruit pectin.
4. Bring to a full rolling boil for 1 full minute.
5. Remove from heat, skim.
6. Put into clean, hot jars or glasses. Cover at once.

This will make 6 glasses.

FERRIS WHEEL SANDWICH



Slices of bread

Jelly or peanut
butter

1. Cut off the bread crusts.
2. With an inverted glass, cut your bread in circles.
3. Spread with filling.
4. Cut the circles in sections, like pie wedges.

MAKE



Full-color Gene Autry Kit and 1/2 pint vacuum bottle, lithographed like calf-skin. \$2.89

CHILDREN'S



All-American Lunch Kit with educational, full-color map, 1/2 pint vacuum bottle. \$2.89

LUNCHES



Flag-o-rama Lunch Kit with 60 full-color flags, 10-oz. wide-mouth vacuum food container. \$3.69

APPEALING

More fun for the kids to carry—easier for Mom to pack! Roomy, heavy-metal kits hold jumbo sandwiches, cake, fruit. Vacuum bottles keep drinks hot or cold for hours. Vacuum food container lets you give them stew, spaghetti and other hot dishes. See these kits at your local Universal Dealer's today.



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Jingles



THE TIGER WHO CRIED

There once was a tiger named Clyde
Who, whenever spoken to, cried.
He cried every morning, and also each night,
When he was wrong and when he was right.
He cried if it rained and if it did not,
When it was cold and when it was hot.
He cried on the floor and cried in his bed,
He cried in his milk and all over his bread.
He cried so much that one fine day
He was sitting and crying and *he melted away!*

So hold back your tears. Keep quiet and cool.
How would *you* look turned into a pool?

Jerome O'Shea

BIG AND LITTLE

Long ago, when I was three,
Mother looked *so big* to me!
Now I'm six, and baby brother
Thinks I'm most as big as Mother!

Jean Horton Berg

LOST KITTEN

Have you seen a little kitty
With a tiny little mew?
If you have, I hope you told him
That he mustn't follow you.
For he'd never know his way alone,
He's tiny and he's new . . .
He's a very special kitty
With a very special mew.
I should hate so much to lose him
For he just belongs to me.
But where he can be hiding
Is the hardest thing to see.
If you see him won't you tell him
That it's time to come to tea?
I am very sure you'll know him
For he just belongs to me.

Dorothy Hamilton Gallagher

PUMPKIN COACH

My orange pumpkin coach
Winds slowly down the hill,
Then it turns the corner,
And quietly stands still.
Then like Cinderella,
In corduroy, not tulle,
I board the bus which takes me
To the magic land of school!

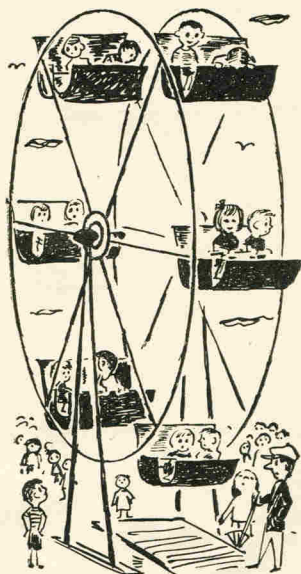
Eileen Burkard Norris



I HELD A LAMB

One day when I went visiting,
A little lamb was there,
I picked it up and held it tight,
It didn't seem to care.
Its wool was soft and felt so warm —
Like sunlight on the sand,
And when I gently put it down
It licked me on the hand.

Kim Worthington



THE FERRIS WHEEL

I love to ride
The ferris wheel!
It gives me such
A thrilling feel!

We mount up creaking
To the top,
Then swinging free
We slowly drop.

And round again!
I look to see
My mother wave
Her hand at me.

Oh, I can see
The lights that glow,
And all the people
Down below!

I'm like a king
Upon a throne,
Riding the ferris
Wheel alone!

Jean Dudley

4659
SIZES
4-10

**SEW 'N
SAVE**

9298
SIZES
2-10

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Educate Your Child at Home

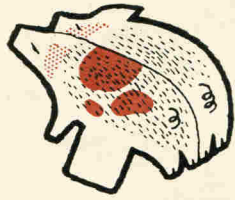
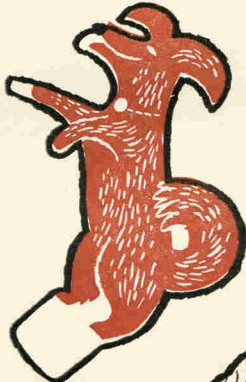
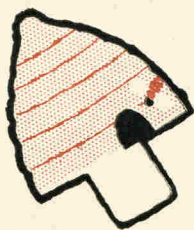
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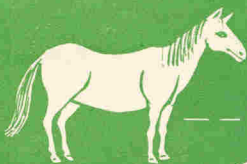
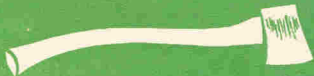
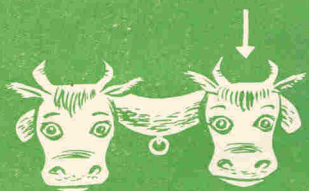
FUN ON THE FARM



ON PAGES 30 AND 31 YOU WILL FIND A WHOLE FARM-YARD WHERE THESE ANIMALS SHOULD BE. TRACE THEM, COLOR THEM, CUT THEM OUT OF THE TRACING PAPER AND PASTE THEM ON THE FARMYARD WHERE THEY BELONG.



BLUE RIBBON CROSS WORD



Fill in the spaces across with the names of the things pictured beside them. Then read down the center to find something that is fun in the fall.

Jean Clarke

ON THE FARM



COW

BEE
HIVE

HORSE

HAY WAGON

DUCK

HEN

MILK
CAN

MILK

DOG

KITTEN

PIGLETS

The game board is a large red rectangle with a decorative border. The border features various fair-related icons: a Ferris wheel, a hot air balloon, a person with balloons, a dog, a person with an umbrella, a person with a flag, and a person with a balloon. The title "COUNTY FAIR PENNY PITCH" is written in a stylized font at the top. The board contains several circular and star-shaped tokens with numbers and one token that says "LOSE YOUR TURN".

COUNTY FAIR PENNY PITCH

DOUBLE
YOUR
SCORE

25

10

10

15

5

LOSE
YOUR
TURN

15

25

15


5

10

20

25

20



Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, for the most exciting game at the fair. Place the magazine flat on the floor about five feet away from where you will stand. You will need five pennies. Each person gets a chance to toss the pennies in turn. The first person to reach a score of 500 points wins the game.

Jean Russ

Marie is going to the fair.



Who in the world Marie can be!



MOLLY AND HER BROTHER PETE WERE TAKEN TO THE FAIR. THEIR MOTHER DOESN'T KNOW THAT THEY ARE RIDING ON THE FERRIS WHEEL. SHE THINKS THEY ARE LOST.

CAN YOU FIND MOTHER, THE POLICEMAN WHO IS HELPING HER LOOK FOR MOLLY AND PETE, AND MOPS, THE FAMILY DOG?



BETTY

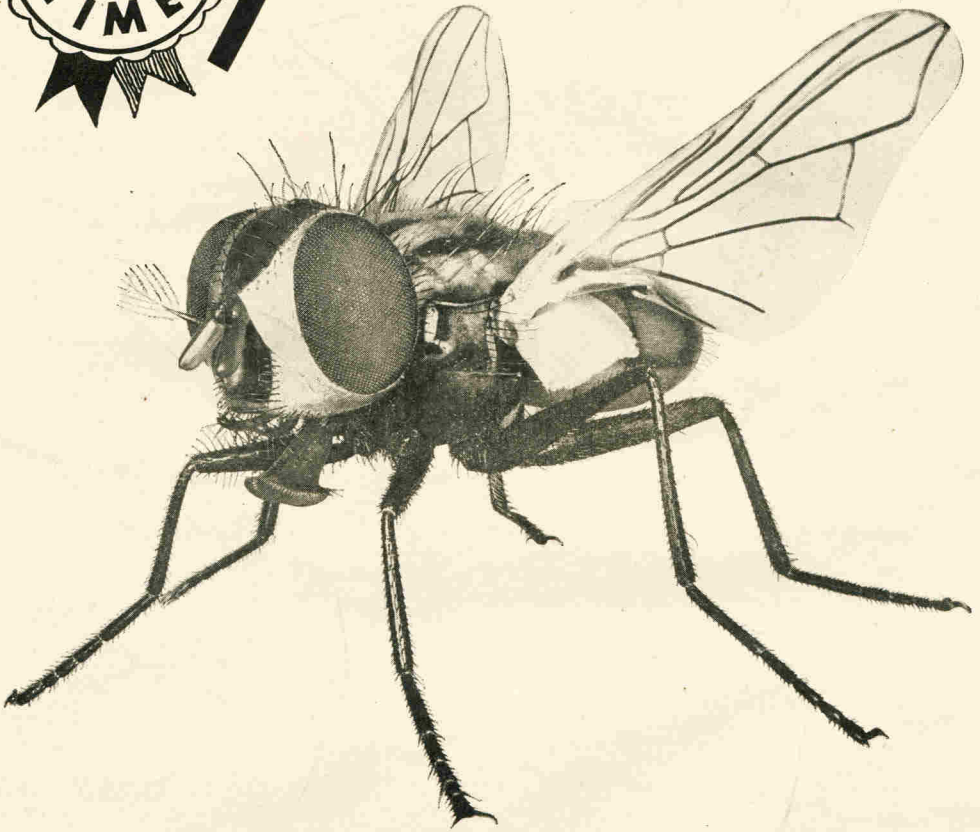
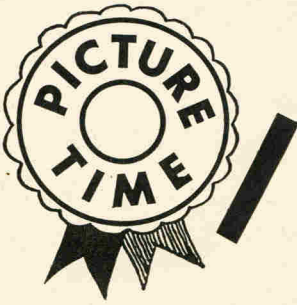
THE COUNT E FAIR



BILL



Deborah Anderson

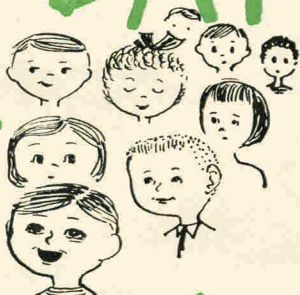


PUBLIC ENEMY #1

Here is a criminal you can catch. This picture shows a model of a common housefly. It has more than 40,000 insect cousins in the world—7,000 in North America. It is a remarkable insect, for it can walk upside down and stand still in the air while its wings buzz. It can see in all directions at the same time because its large eyes cover

the sides of its head. The fly is dangerous because the many thousands of hairs which cover its legs and feet carry disease germs. It is one of the few insects which is not useful to man. So swat them when you can. The easiest time to catch them is in the winter and early spring when they are hiding in the dark warm corners of buildings.

A DAY AT KINDERGARTEN



Off we go to an exciting day at kindergarten.

Charles H. Lilly



Storytime is lots of fun. "I know, it's Jack and Jill!" says one four year old of the picture.



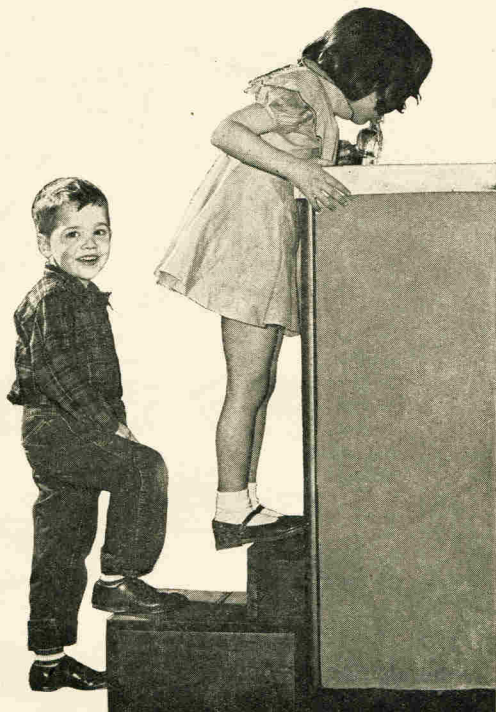
These five year olds like to sing "Did you ever see a Lassie go *this* way and that way?"



Painting at a big easel is lots of fun, too.



Wouldn't you like to play mailman as he is?



It's quite a reach up to the fountain, but these kindergarteners don't have any trouble.



Mrs. Hen and her chicks make good pets.



Goodbye is hard to say at the end of the day.

Have confidence in the products you purchase for your children.

Look for the Child Life Seal when buying — it is your protection against inferior products which do not measure up to our acceptable standards.

Insist on products which have the Child Life Seal.



CHILD LIFE



DECEMBER
FAVORITE COVERS



APRIL

Books and Records

Baker's Man (Written by Rosalys Hall, illustrated by Kurt Werth, and published by Lippincott. Ages 6-10. \$2.50.)

Here is another beautiful book by the same team which gave young readers "The Merry Miller" and "No Ducks for Dinner." Merry illustrations, many in full color, compliment the story of Andres, the man who wanted to be the baker of Ufhofen, in a book which will be read and re-read many times by young readers.

Jean Russ

The Oldest, the Youngest, and the one in the Middle (Written by Lillian Gardner, illustrated by Doris Stolberg, and published by Franklin Watts. Ages 4-8. \$2.50.)

The problem of the only child is told in a warm little story full of suspense and mounting excitement, against an everyday background which all children will recognize and enjoy.

Millie is an only child who is included in all the neighborhood gang's activities until the day that a club is formed for children with babies in the family. But her distress at being left out is resolved by her friend Pete in a happy solution and a surprise climax.

Adelaide Field

The First Book of Rhythms (Written by Langston Hughes, illustrated by Robin King, and published by Franklin Watts. Ages 8-14. \$1.75.)

This unusual book will be thrilling and useful to the exceptional child who is gifted artistically or who has an ear for language. The author, a poet, explains the relationship between rhythmic patterns in such things as the beat of a heart, the pattern of a cardiograph, the thump of the tom-tom.

Jean Russ

Wolfgang Amdeus Mozart: His Story and His Music (Vox 251. 78 rpm and LP. Ages 6-12.)

This is one of the best of many records that introduce a child to the lives of great composers. The Mozart themes are well integrated with the story. Since Mozart composed at a very early age his story has more personal appeal to a child than those of composers who had grown up when they wrote. Jose Ferrer narrates the story. His tone is never condescending, a quality too often present in instruction records of this type. There is an explanation of some musical terms and the musical excerpts used.

Manners Can Be Fun (Decca C. U. 105. 78 and 45 rpm. Ages 3-6.)

Frank Luther sings sixteen "Manners" songs on this record of humorous instruction. Playing this record is a very tuneful method of getting children in the habit of putting their toys away, saying "how do you do," and using "please" and "thank you" and other courtesies. The music is excellent and Frank Luther's voice is clear and kindly as usual.

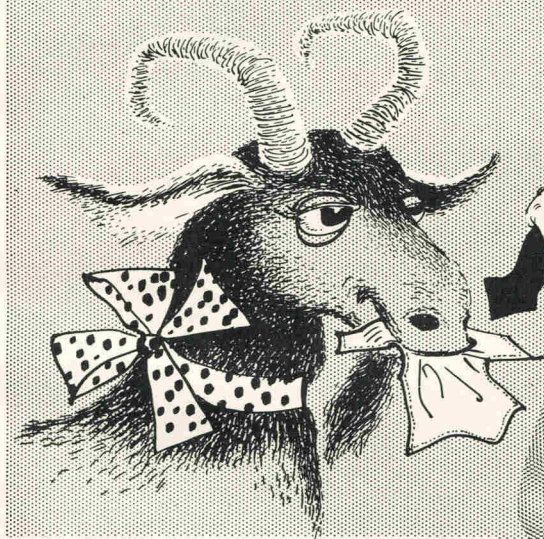
Bozo and the Birds (Capitol DBX 3033. 78 and 45 rpm. Ages 4-8.)

The Capitol Record-Readers are always good, and this is no exception. Bozo the Clown is a charming character who has taken children on many a fascinating record adventure. This time he is concerned with the story and identification of all varieties of birds. There are seventeen in all and some of them even have authentic bird calls. The accompanying pictures show what the bird should look like for future identification and the text describes some of the peculiarities of each feathered friend.

Ann Sargent

DIGGLE MCTIGGLE

AT THE FAIR



Old Diggle McTiggle, the man with the giggle
And the glad, gay and gurgly guffaw
Attended a fair, and the sights he saw there
Caused many an *oh!* and an *abb!*

There were cakes on parade, and quilts people made,
And big bottles of berries and jams,
While in the big shed were the cows—ninety head—
And the ponies and wee, wooly lambs!

Small pigs all a-wriggle delighted McTiggle.
He watched them all gobbling their lunch . . .
But a goat old and cranky then saw his white hanky,
And snatched it, and started to munch.

McTiggle said, "Bill, by all means eat your fill.
You must be more hungry than I!"
Then he rocked like a boat, chortling, "Here, Mr. Goat,
For dessert, you can nibble my tie!"

Naida Dickson



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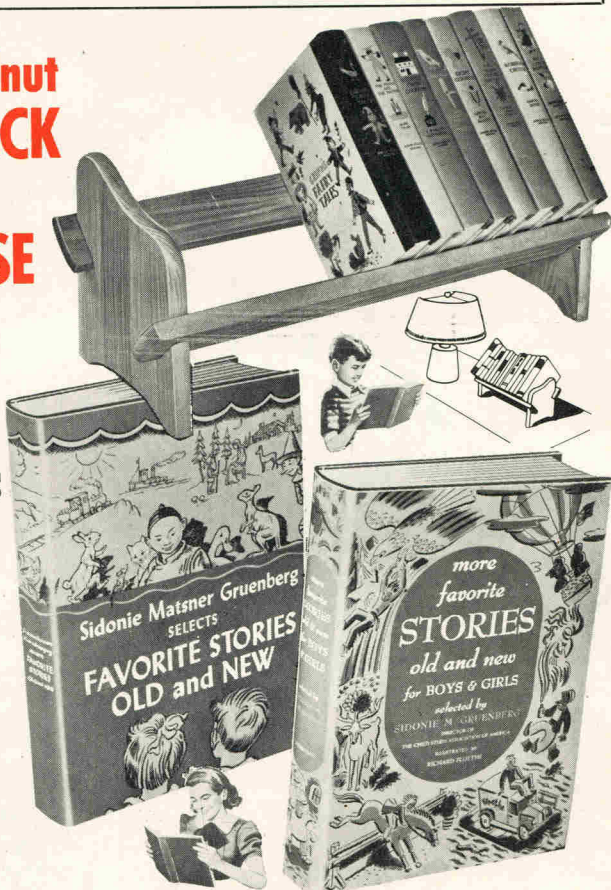
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